

Octolism
Presents...

SHOW ME YOUR
COLORS!

A SPLATOON
Queer Pride
Zine!

@ButchOsprey

Hello, all!

“Show Me Your Colors” is a free, open submission Zine, made with love by the members of the Octolism Discord, and led by me, Osprey! It was born out of the desire to represent all skills and styles, without the need for a lengthy, almost work application-like approval process. While Octolism wasn’t originally intended to be a queer community, it has managed to attract queer Splatoon fans from around the globe! The slogan of the zine is meant to invoke how we aren’t afraid to show our true selves.

The Splatoon community has seen hate and vitriolic language in the month of June 2024, from members once viewed with high regard. **I personally dedicate this zine to the BIPOC, queer and neurodivergent fans of Splatoon.** There is no place for hate, especially in our community, for there’s always room for growth, understanding, and empathy. You are loved, cherished, and precious.

Just remember to **show your colors**, and never give into fear and despair! And blame the FREAKING RANDOS!!!!

- A queer elder at the ripe age of 27, Osprey.





Ritka

.ritka



©mash.wots



HAPPY END





quantabee



grapixl

"A Break [into a shell]" by GenoSquid

[It had been several days following the events of the Memverse. Order was stopped by Eight, and everyone was saved. Everyone except 4. Agent Casern, aka Agent 4, was an unfortunate victim in the events of the Memverse and Order's machinations, pulled in by a train ride back to his home in Inkopolis from the Splatlands.]

[What nobody was expecting was Casern to go berserk from the lack of memories, added with Order's tampering during his time as Parallel Canon, forced to fight Eight many times during his climb up the spire. He screamed, he thrashed, he had gone feral – and had to be stopped just as many times.]

[He eventually calmed down thanks to Eight able to restore his memories – just enough so that people can visit him without security. He initially didn't remember Eight, who he lived with for a while after he arrived, but he knows enough that he could thank him for saving his life. Agent Claver, aka the NEW Agent 3 – was a different story.]

{DATE: MONDAY; TIME: AFTERNOON; LOCATION UNDEFINED}

Casern; 'Case...? You awake?'

Casern; 'Yyyyyeah... my head hurts. It happened again?'

Claver; 'Not as much. The guys are saying that your mental state's right as rain.'

Casern; 'That's... good.'

Claver; 'What was it like?'

Casern; 'Hm?'

Claver; 'What was it like – when you entered the Memverse and became... y'know...?'

Casern; 'Parallel Canon? It was dulling. I couldn't feel anything except that kooky AI's voice echoing orders into my head. Reminded me of my time in the labs – back then.'

Claver; ‘And you didn’t like that.’

Casern; ‘I didn’t. What didn’t make it easier was having to face Eight. I lost my memories of him, but I felt a pain in my heart as I fought him. Then came... the insults. Called him scum, an enemy – told him I didn’t love him. I remember threatening you after I said I’d take care of him... I cared for that kid and Order used his sentiments against me.’

Claver; ‘That can’t be denied. I still remember Eight’s tears when he visited you after you stabilized. What was it a bad dream again, I suppose?’

Casern; ‘Yeah. I was fighting against myself again – Parallel Canon me. I was swarmed on all sides by Parallel Canons – grabbing me, disarming me, placing that... godawful mask...’

Claver; ‘Shh... shh... You don’t need to finish. I’m here, Case.’

Casern; ‘I still remembered you, you know. You were one of the few people I worked with who had changed me. I wouldn’t be here without you, in a positive way.’

Claver; ‘I’m happy to have met you, Case.’

Casern; ‘You too, Clav. I owe you the world, cause without you, I would’ve rotted in Inkopolis without having met you. And I never had the chance to tell you this, man...’

Claver; ‘What is it, Case? I’m listenin’.’

Casern; ‘... I love you, Claver. And I wouldn’t have it any other way, you bullhead.’

Claver; ‘... Thank you. I love you too.’



@certified_tm



@TheArtistPanda & @Octozen

"How Did You Three Meet?" by TheBiggestBigBoi

“Asking my three teammates how they met or fell in love is a double-edged sword,” sighed Abbie as she polished her Slosher until it shone in the warm sun. “They will tell you something completely exaggerated, unprovable, or contradictory. However, they’re good storytellers. Whatever they tell you, it’ll grab your attention. Who knows, there might be a fraction of the truth in each.”

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“It was when those King Salmonids first started rising from the depths!” yelled Devon, knocking a flagon and its contents to the floor as he raised his arms to the air. “Gigantic beasts from the blackness below the waves, come to destroy all we hold dear! Ingrid, Luna, and I were doing our rounds for Grizzco, alongside some other dude. We didn’t know each other then, just a bunch of teens trying to pay for rent. Our other teammate talked tough, but when that Cohozuna came for us he abandoned us! Our combined frustration over that action of cowardice empowered us and we defeated the Cohozuna even when we were impaired! We’ve been dating ever since.”

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“Twas a night full of stars, a perfect time for our memoirs.”

Ingrid grabbed a weird glowing bottle and poured it into the cauldron, continuing to monologue absentmindedly as she stirred.

“Splatfest was a paradise and the teams were Sweet, Sour, and Spice. While most were chivalrous, some were mischievous. Outside of play, pranksters ruled the day. Spicy was the choice for Devon while Luna preferred the Sour of lemon. As much as I pranked for Sweet, Luna and Devon couldn’t be beat. After a while, we came to a stalemate because our talents were much too great. With our power combined, all other pranksters will be undermined! Us artists three shall prank thee!”

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“So, y’know that stupid union-busting Splatsville corporation?” rambled Luna as she slammed her finger onto a photo, nearly knocking the billboard over. “Good Ol’ freakin’ Mauve & Co! Those losers were training bounty hunters in exchange for just a little bit of a cut from each bounty... fifty percent. It was rough in many ways, but especially monetary. Naturally, roommates were extremely commonplace.

I went through quite a few bad ones: some refusing to pay the rent, some lacking hygiene, and one dude even repeatedly misgendered me so I put a stink bomb under their bed before I moved. However, I had the luck to move in with two other bounty hunters, Ingrid and Devon. We came to know each other. Eventually, we became a bit more than roommates... and we had to sell the other two beds.”



@everchanging-axis

In this installment of...

# **NEW SQUIDBEAK: SPLATOON**



CAPTAIN SHOKO CONFESSES HIS FEELINGS!

**WE'RE IN A POLYCULE...  
AND LOVE EACH OTHER?!**



mages / wizardwiki

REVERSE O. F. E



王ロナサル

王ロナサル

mages / wizardwind



@sinha-ri



@0c70pus\_of\_d3sp4lr  
8/26/23

@0c70pus\_of\_d3sp4lr

**Sometimes I never EVER thought I would see  
the day where...**

**I met you, specifically  
I sang karaoke with you  
I joined your army  
I lost the war with you  
I married you  
I became a DJ just like you  
I became your right hand man  
I watched us grow young and old together  
I Love you like there is no tomorrow**



**Y'know, I never thought I actually would...**

**Meet ya, duh  
Karaoke'd and danced with ya  
Made joined my army  
Lost the war with ya  
Married ya  
Became a DJ  
Became the shogun of the Octarian army  
Be grateful of the times we spent together  
Love ya back like ya couldn't believe it**





@0c70pus\_of\_d3sp4lr



@0c70pus\_of\_d3sp4lr



@ButchOsprey



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DO YOU REMEMBER  
THE SONG WE WROTE?  
EVERY TIME I TRY TO  
SING ALONG I CHOKE  
WILL YOU HEAR THIS SONG  
ON YOUR RADIO?  
BECAUSE I MISS YOU  
MORE THAN  
YOU'LL EVER  
KNOW



I'M NOT THAT SCARED  
LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE  
OH, I WISH THAT  
YOU COULD SEE  
THAT I'VE NEVER  
STOPPED WANTING YOU  
TO SHARE YOUR  
HEARTBREAK WITH ME



Woah, he's bisexual!  
I didn't know that!



@ButchOsprey



